

DIANAPOLIS  
SENAL TECHNICAL  
SCHOOLS,

PHILIP COLGROVE

# THE ARSENAL CANNON

PIRATE  
NUMBER



JANUARY 1925



371.805  
1925  
Jan.





# DEDICATION



**T**o one whose  
unceasing efforts  
for Tech have made  
him respected and  
esteemed by all,  
Dewitt Morgan

Glen Yowler

J  
School



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EARL HAMMACK

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# SENIOR OFFICERS



George A. Newton Jr.  
HISTORIAN



William Behrman  
SGT-AT-ARMS



Mary Eiler  
VICE PRESIDENT



Donald Higgins  
PRESIDENT



Melba Schumacher  
SECRETARY



Mary Fiel  
POET



John Manger  
TREASURER



Russell E. Young  
WILL-MAKER



Eloise F. Johnston  
SONG-WRITER



Eldena Stamm  
WILL-MAKER



Lester Livingston  
PROPHET



Lois MacCammon  
PROPHET



Virginia Adair



Jack Adams



Wallace Ahl



Harry Albersmeier



Alma Aldridge



Lula Allee



Kathryn Antibus



Mary Ash



Arthur Ashren



Nemloh Baker



Robert Boldridge



Edna Baldwin



Velma Bellinger



Forest Barnes



Lester Barnes



Lyndon Barrows



Shirley Baumt



Fred Bergann



Alvina Berry



Billy Blumer



Edon Brandenburg



Carl G. Breeht



Harold H. Bredell



Lynn Breece



Herbert H. Brenar





Norman Brenton



Josephine Bruce



Elizabeth Burr



Dorothea Burton



Virginia Bussell



Harrie Byrkett



Robert Byrkett



Edwin Calkins



Walter Callahan



George Campbell



Margaret Camplin



Dwight Carlstedt



Frances Carter



Gladys Champlin



Delbert Chapman



Charles Chevrolet



John Christie



Hamilton Clarke



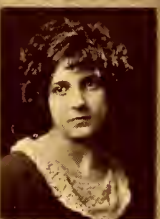
Robert H. Clarkson



Marian Clendenin



Philip Colgrove



Louise Cook



Jeannette Couden



Lucille Craig



Ruth Crawford





Mildred Culley



Nolan Curry



John T. Davis



Martha Dimberger



Eleanor Donavon



Orem Dorsett



Marjorie Dowden



Mildred Driskell



John Ealy



Virginia Elmore



Dorothy Enderlin



Fred Entekin



Mary Alice Epler



Elizabeth Ervin



Wanda Farson



Vera Fee



Russell Fehr



Harold Fields



Arthur Foerster



Lillian E. Forkner



Philip Gaines



Wilburn Galloway



Paul Gardner



Charles Garrison



Edna Garwood



Dorothy Gibson



Irvin Giezendanner



Robert Goodwine



Russell Goodwine



Magdalen Grannan



Beryl Green



Lola Greenwood



Mary Griffith



Ralph T. Griqqs



Spencer Groves



Clifford Gueatal



Edith Hamilton



Earl Hammack



Everett Hanks



Paul Harrell



Maxine Hort



Marquerite Hastez



Myrtle Hayes



Ena Hibbert



Helen Hittle



Hubert Hodges



Charles Hoover



Frederick Howenstine



Leon Huey



Eugene Hughes





Genevieve Hussey



Horace Hypes



Margaret Ice



Charles Ingersoll



Billy Jackson



Alice Jobe



Hilda Johnston



Eleanore Jones



Richard Jones



Edward Juday



Catherine Judge



Pearl Junken



Stanford Kappmeyer



Harold Keating



Robert Kemper



Louise Keyler



William F. Kiley



Willis Kinnear



Catherine Kirkbride



John R. Knowles



Genevieve Lahmann



Theodore Largent



Dorothy Larrison



Alfred Lauter



Jean La Vanchy



Jean Lawrence



Buford Lee



Myrtle Lepper



Pierre Leroux



Francis Levings



Warren Lines



Louise Love



Mary Lutz



Charles Lyons



Dwight Lytle



Margaret McWhister



Alice McBride



Mary McConnell



Wallace McDaniel



Harold McGehee



Clifford McNally



William Marschke



Anna Marshall



Mabel Mead



John Modders



Clara Mehrlich



Howard Meredith



Omodean Merrill



Alice F. Miller



Dora Miller





Zella Mills



Wm. LeRoy Mitchell



Katherine Monahan



Charles F. Moore



Radford D. Morris



Margaret Mueller



Ruth Murphy



Daniel Neill



Lewis Neubacher



Frances C. Nevins



Vernon Newman



Masy Nicoll



Marjorie Niehaus



Charles Noe



Elbert D. Overton



Beatrice Patrick



Lloyd Peerman



Arnold Phillips



John B. Phipps



Robert Pock



George M. Poole



Robert Powell



Earl Prange



Edgar L. Price



Annetto Pritz



Leonard Pursell



Helen Quatman



Maxine Quinn



Mildred Redeliman



James Reed



Charles W. Reichert



Marc Rice



Mary Roberts



Ralph Roche



Paul Rollin



Durl Rollman



Ferris A. Ruggles



George S. Russell



George Salge



Florence Schiek



Abe Schwartz



Olga Secrest



Dorene Shadoan



Gladys Shearer



Merlin Shellabarger



Helen Shugert



Paul Shumaker



Virginia Sibel



Edna Silver



Byrom J. Smith II





Jeanette Smith



Mildred D. Smith



Reed Smoot



Leon Smythe



Louise Snyder



Irma Sorhage



Francis Spearing



Oral Stanton



Ethel Stevens



Fletcher Stevens



John Street



June Talbott



Mary Taylor



Wilbur Teeters



Albert Thomas



Georgia Thomas



Robert Thompson



Ruth Thoms



Earl Thorpe



Charlotte Totten



Helen Trosky



Mildred Truex



Viola Tuttle



Christine Valentine



Eugene Van Sickle



Arthur Vincel



Sarah Vollmer



Raymond Waldkoetter



John Warrick



Edna Warweg



Margaret M. Way



Alice Weiss



Evelyn Wehrleg



Mary Elizabeth Whitaker



Emma J. White



Edna Wichmann



Fred Willis



Mary Wilkinson



Robert D. Williams



Ruth M. Williams



Dorothy B. Williamson



Margaret L. Wilson



Mabel Wood



Alan Yule



Christina Yulmeyer



Miss Stone



Richard Garrison



Edward Zollner



Preston Wolf



Miss Ewing



## History of the January 1925 Class

FOUR years ago this January a group of almost a thousand freshmen passed for the first time the Guard House at the entrance of Tech. Four years ago we gasped when we saw our beautiful campus; we gazed awe-struck on those supreme beings, Seniors, and wondered if our Fate would ever permit us to walk in their steps. Now we look back and wonder if it is possible that we have been here as long as four years—so swiftly have those years flown. Today I recall to you many memories of bygone days. To make this history complete would be impossible for lack of time and space. I have, therefore, tried to recount only the chief events of an eventful high school life.

During our first semester at Tech we participated in few things; we spent the semester watching others, learning how to act, and enjoying ourselves. Every one, however, recalls that day of days, Supreme Day, when we first received a true conception of the magnitude and magnificence of our school. It was a day surpassed only by succeeding Supreme Days.

During the summer of 1921 two large and beautiful buildings were added to Tech, completing the first unit of the building plans. We now had almost two hundred more rooms for class and vocational work. We were all very much saddened to learn that the old office in the center of the quadrangle had burned, leaving nothing but the brick foundation and charred remnants of records which were not saved. But when we beheld the new athletic field, all vestige of sorrow disappeared—we had one of the best high school stadiums in the state.

That fall we looked with admiration on our football team, among whom was Edward Zollner, who later joined our class. Our R. O. T. C. unit also attracted much attention throughout the country by being rated the highest in military efficiency in the twelve honor units.

In the spring we imbibed some more school spirit when our baseball team annexed the state championship at Lafayette. Frank Gordon was on this winning team. The outstanding occurrence of that semester was the Decennial celebration in which nearly every one at school participated. The principal thing on this program was a stupendous pageant portraying the development of Tech. This was written by Miss Shover

and given on the athletic field with great success. Here we found that though our school was young in years, our deeds were numerous.

The next semester we came back feeling quite important. We were sophomores, almost juniors. Three of our class were on the football team that fall: Richard Garrison, Frank Gordon, and Hamilton Clarke. The first two were mainstays of the team at quarterback and center, respectively.

A class in Latin IV spent most of the fall in writing and presenting a Latin play in which seven of our class—Alice Miller, Annette Pritz, Billy Jackson, George Poole, Robert Williams, Don Higgins, and George Newton—had parts. This was good practice and excellent experience for all who participated.

That winter Frank Gordon was on the basketball team, and, in the spring, on the baseball team which came through the season with only one defeat, the first in five years. Our football team that fall carried away state honors with the best team in our history. Frank Gordon, Richard Garrison, and Paul Harrell were important factors on this team. Frank Gordon was on our football, basketball, and baseball teams for two years, and in all three sports he proved himself a star of the first magnitude. The January '25 class is justly proud of him.

But let us not forget the activities of those who could not enter athletics; they have been many, both musical and social. Lynn Breece, Nolan Curry, Orem Dorsett, Earl Thorpe, and many others have taken active parts in the various clubs in school. Eldena Stamm served on the CANNON staff for over a year, being business manager of the January magazine, and Alice Miller, a half of a year. Last year John Christie and Howard Meredith were on the yell squad, and this year Billy Blumer and John Christie have been two of our yell leaders.

In the fall of '22 the Opera club gave the well-known Gilbert and Sullivan opera, *Pirates of Penzance*. Wanda Farson, Lester Livingston, Earl Thorpe, and George Newton represented the class in that show. In the Choral Society many of our class have been prominent, Lester Livingston being president for three semesters. In September '23 several of our class were in the opera, *Chimes of Normandy*, given by the Opera

club and the Choral Society. The operas, *Martha* and *Bohemian Girl*, helped to celebrate Supreme Day in '23 and '24, respectively. In these also our class was represented.

The band has quite a sprinkling of January seniors, five of them, Lewis Neubacher, Wayne Van Sickle, William Behrman, Robert Clawson, and Paul Shumaker, having been in it since the spring of '22. The Girls' Glee club gave two operettas, *Princess Chrysanthemum*, and *The Magic Wheel*, in '23 and '24 respectively, in which a number of our girls took part.

In the R. O. T. C. several of our boys have reached a high rank. Oral Stanton, Ferris Ruggles, Edward Zollner, Charles Chevrolet, William Hayes, Russell Goodwine, Russell Young, Byrom Smith, John Knowles, Herbert Bremer, and Horace Hypes have been commissioned officers. This fall Russell Young has been made lieutenant colonel, the highest R. O. T. C. rank at the school, and Horace Hypes, captain and adjutant.

In January '24 we entered the last phase of our school career; we reached the top rung and from there surveyed the under-classmen and the school at large. Early in April we had our first class meeting. Thoburn Maxwell, president of the preceding class, presided over the meeting and welcomed us by a short speech admonishing us to work together, because, if we didn't, our fate would be sealed. We heard and accepted the class constitution, formed by Miss Ewing and a committee, which bound us into an organization. Our next move was to elect officers: Donald Higgins, president; Mary Eiler, vice-president; Melba Schumacher, secretary; John Hanger, treasurer; and William Behrman, sergeant-at-arms. Because we all tried to improve our scholarship in order to get on the senior honor roll, there has been an appreciable increase in honor points, stimulated also by roll room competition.

On coming back in the fall of '24 we found ourselves the most important student group on the campus, and realizing our responsibility, we have tried to help Miss Thuemler and the rest of the faculty in making our school better. Earl Thorpe, Dwight Carlstedt, Lester Livingston, Alice Sidenstick, and Charles Reichert taking active parts in this campaign. Early in October we elected the remaining officers of the class: Lester Livingston and Lois MacCammon, prophets; Russell Young and Eldena Stamm,

will makers; George Newton, historian; Mary Fiel, poet; and Eloise Johnson, song writer. American beauty and purple were selected as class colors, Sensation rose as class flower, and Northland as the official photographer.

Our first social gathering as seniors was a most enjoyable picnic, held jointly in the new lunch room and on a grass plot behind the Barn. The refreshments were especially enjoyed and the committee in charge made the whole affair a distinct success. The play committee selected as our class play the *Boomerang*. After tryouts Martha Dimberger and John Hanger were announced as the leads. Mary Eiler, Wanda Farson, Melba Schumacher, Jean Lawrence, Billy Jackson, Philip Colgrove, Orem Dorsett, Frederick Howenstine, and Everett Hanks were given the other parts.

The *Boomerang*, the play given December sixth before one of the largest houses that has ever seen a senior play, was a comedy in three acts. The parts were well cast and well played. The performance was a distinct financial success. January eighth was the date selected for the class party and the sixteenth for Class Day.

And now we are almost ready to leave Tech; we try to show the faculty our appreciation for what they have done for us. And as we look back over the four years that we have been here, we forget all the acts that made life hard for our teachers and ourselves, and remember only how we have helped to make Tech grow and become better, and how Tech has helped us to develop and shape our lives so that we will grow into useful manhood and womanhood. As we leave, our parting thought is one of reverence and gratitude for our dear old Alma Mater.

### January Class Officers

President: Donald Higgins  
Vice-president: Mary Eiler  
Secretary: Melba Schumacher  
Treasurer: John Hanger  
Sergeant-at-arms: William Behrman  
Historian: George Newton  
Prophets: Lois MacCammon and Lester Livingston  
Will Makers: Russell Young and Eldena Stamm  
Poet: Mary Fiel  
Song Writer: Eloise Johnson



## Will of the January '25 Class

FOR several years we, the members of the January '25 class, have been wandering about at Tech. Our few accomplishments have called us together into one united group. As a final tribute to our school and our successors, we submit this last will and testament.

To dear old Tech, which has been our abode for the last four years, we bequeath our good will and best wishes for the future.

To the Faculty we leave our uncalled-for A+'s trusting that they will give them to the deserving ones.

To the next class of seniors, June '25, we leave our ability as traffic officers.

"Don" Higgins, our illustrious president, leaves his talent of wielding the gavel and of making himself heard to the youthful Russell Clift.

Mary Eiler bequeaths her increasing popularity to any well-deserving honor roll student in the June class.

Melba Schumacher bequeaths her art of portraying "old ladies" to Mary Frey.

Our small but mighty treasurer, John Hanger, bequeaths his financial experience to Donald Hawkins.

William Behrman, our own auctioneer, wills his public speaking ability to James Daggett, trusting that Jim will take advantage of every opportunity to appear before the public.

Lyndon Barrows leaves his worn-out drum (used in the band) to Edward Harris.

Dortha Burton and LaVon Brandenburg request that their musical talent be handed down to Doris Howell and Ruth Lipsey.

Lester Livingston wills his cunning way of teasing the girls to Alger Wyson. We hope "Al" will be as successful as Lester.

Josephine Bruce and Lela Greenwood bequeath their congenial personalities to Marjorie Krueger and Lucille Hinman.

The front seat of Mildred Tyler's machine, formerly occupied by Jeannette Couden, is graciously given to Gertrude Delbrook.

Everett Hanks and Dwight Carlstedt, our own "Zez Confreys", will their ability to tickle the keys to Phoebe Farmer.

Beatrice Patrick and Dorothy Larrison, the two inseparables, will their popularity with the boys to Louise Karle.

To Karl Bottke, the wonder boy, is given the unequaled ability of Mildred Driskell and Dorene Shadoan as typists.

Mary Roberts, LaVonne Price, and Alvena Berry donate their "kiddish" ways to Nina Lowman.

After several years' practice, Edna Garwood, Frances Carter, and Maxine Hart have perfected their giggles which they now wish to hand down to Dorothy Morga.

Edna Warweg and Robert Clawson, the two second "Pasteurs," bequeath their ability to master chemistry to any one who is willing to concentrate on the subject.

To Robert Bolles is left the loftiness of Charles Ingersoll, Herbert Bremer, and Jack Adams.

Ruth Crawford and Alice McBride leave their diminutiveness to Kathryn Lieske.

Paul Gardner leaves his suggestive powers to Robert Scott.

Orem Dorsett leaves his nerve to doubt the teacher's word to Edward Taggart.

The natural, rosy cheeks and fair complexions of Wanda Farson and Hilda Johnston are left to Evelyn Lents in hopes that she will be able to "cut down" on the cosmetic expense.

George Newton and Dorothy D. White wish to leave their abilities of making themselves heard to any one with a strong voice.

Helen Trosky donates her traffic position of keeping the boisterous boys and girls from molesting the pond to Mary Ennis.

Oral Stanton, Francis Spearing, and Eugene Van Sickle forsake their habit of roll room visitations to Margaret Renick and Priscilla Pittenger.

Frederick Howenstine and Martha Dirnberger donate their parts in the senior play to any one who wants them.

Leonard Pursell leaves his "Prince of Wales" hat to Weldon Worth.

Earl Prange leaves fond memories of his chorus class to Margaret Wolfred.

To the most worthy Virginia Springer are left the childhood fantasies of Mildred D. Smith, Louise Snyder, and Mary Taylor.

Earl Thorpe and George Campbell wish that their senior dignity be handed down to Charles Jordan for they fear that he is greatly in need of it.



## THE ARSENAL CANNON

Lois MacCammon donates her expressive features and the ability to talk with her hands to Virginia Kerz.

To Richard Springer is given the position of model for the advertisement of Stetson hats, formerly occupied by Robert Baldridge and Raymond Waldkoetter.

Dorothy Gibson and Magdalen Grannan leave their solemnity and Puritanism to Marian Seeds.

Mary Ash donates her "all kinds of luck" to any one who is willing to relieve her of this burden.

Alice Jobe, Louise Keyler, and Myrtle Lepper bequeath their charming smiles to Jane Dietz.

Katherine Monahan leaves her A+'s to all the members of the June class.

George Salge and Merlin Shellabarger hand down to Franklin Krause their sedateness displayed during their high school careers.

Majorie Niehaus and Anna Marshall donate their positions as advertisers for the school to Bob Steele.

William Leroy Mitchell hands down his permanent wave to John Nauta.

To all future Tech students are left the Tech spirit and loyalty of Edna Wichman, Dorothy B. Williamson, and Mabel Wood.

Genevieve Lahman, Omadean Merrill, and Margaret Mueller leave their worn out dispositions to any one who wants to strive hard.

Forrest Barnes, Harry Byrnett, and Byron Smith leave their valued football experience to no one but "Bud" Hook.

Clara Mehrlich and Dorothy Enderlin will leave their English experience to some worthy A+ student.

Mary Alice Epler, Alice Sidenstick, and Alan Yule donate their singing ability to Kathleen Jeffry.

Albert and Georgia Thomas leave a standing invitation to all the Thomas's to membership in 173 roll room.

Abe Schwartz and Leon Smythe bequeath their honored seats in roll call to any two quiet students.

Viola Tuttle leaves to Ruth Killie her excess knowledge of basket ball.

Norman Wilson leaves his original version for codification of school rules to the school library.

Edward Zollner along with Robert Williams bequeaths his speaking qualities and unbounded knowledge of parliamentary law to the good looking chap—Paul Travis.

Fletcher Stevens and Spencer Groves give their roll room dignity to some inexperienced freshman.

Clifford Gueotal and Paul Shumaker will their playfulness to Lawrence Hunter.

Richard Garrison, ex-football star and parliamentarian, gladly bequeaths his abilities in athletics and parliamentary practice to Frederick Kirgis.

Robert Goodwine and Philip Gaines agree that Harry Jessee should receive their ground contracts on Tech's field.

Nemloah Baker and Gladys Champlin leave to the Tech lunch room a reversible table top to be used to cut down the duties of "Ma" Houser.

Harry Albersmeir and Harold Bredell present their pictures to the school library as a start for a Tech Hall of Fame.

All young men desiring to become expert students of Military Tactics should read the book in the library written and donated by Horace Hypes and Eugene Hughes.

Catherine Judge, author of the latest book, "How to Manage a Senior Roll Room," presents a copy to the senior sponsors.

Theron Hoffner gives his latest mechanical toy, made in Tech's shop, to the girl who wants something different for her book.

Earl Hammack and Richard Jones, who hope to leave school in January, give to the school the well trodden path between the Main building and the Barracks.

Russell Fehr leaves to Edward Greene his surplus energy for starting things in roll call.

Harold Fields wills his extra cork, for the sixty mile run, to the champion lunch runner.

All my mistakes in printing I will to beginners in the profession, acclaims Arthur Foerster.

The A's and A+'s of John Phipps and Nolan Curry are left to some struggling junior.

Chester Petersen wills to Robert Stonehill his excessive uncertainty about a January graduation.

Daniel Neill and George Poole desire that their places in 173 be used as examples for coming seniors.

Dora Miller donates her attendance record to Miss Stone to be used as an example for others.





To senior roll room committees Ferris Ruggles and Marc Rice leave a revised code of roll room etiquette.

Herbert Schultzman leaves his ability to stay out of school and still make good marks to any June senior able to stand the uncertainty he feels before marks are given out.

Two of our class, James Reed and Paul Rollin, leave to the auto shop a rattling good Ford and enough words to keep it in repair.

Charles Moore and Lewis Newbacher leave to the school their entire records to be used in writing the history of Tech's great men.

Victor Nunlist bequeaths to Grace Crone his worn-out phrase, "Mr. President, I move the minutes be accepted."

"The Tech Guide," in conduct by Clifford McNally and Wallace McDaniel, is left for the Mc's.

Warren Lines and Charles Lyons, both famous artists, will their latest masterpiece, "The Flower on the Wall," to Roll Room 173.

Philip Colgrove, our famous actor, leaves to rising actors his priceless experience in his class's super-production.

Jean LaVanchy turns over his athletic agency to some good looking chap with a "good line."

That old riddle, "What has four feet and flies through the air?" is left to the English department by Stanford Kappmeyer and William Kiley.

With the completion of this, our "Last Will and Testament," we, the will makers of the January '25 class of the Arsenal Technical Schools, duly affirm this document and affix our signatures below.

Signed:

ELDENA STAMM  
RUSSELL E. YOUNG

## Inaugural Address of Donald Higgins

*Sponsors and Fellow-Members  
of the January '25 Senior Class*

Three years ago a class of freshmen came to Tech. These freshies trudged about the campus and got horribly mixed up in their classes. As time went on they began to admire the seniors who were the leading citizens of this thriving city which is set in motion at 8:00 o'clock each morning. They began to look forward to the

time when they could become members of their own senior class. Did you ever stop to think that we were those freshies? Now, we are at the threshold of our senior year. Before us lies a year of opportunity. We have taken the first step and are now an organized group. If we are to accomplish the realization of our aims and live up to the ideals and standards of our school, we must each one, not every other one or not most of us but *all* of us, pitch in and work.

There are two ways by which we may hold up the ideals of our school and establish a high reputation for our class. The first is by our scholarship. This is our last year in Tech and each one of us can afford to give a little more time to lessons and try just a little harder in class. We must do this for the sake of our class if not for our own good or for our parents.

The second way we may help is by our conduct. By now we must know the rules that are necessary to run this great school. Let us not disobey them—let us set the example. Furthermore, let us be friendly to every member of our class and our school. Let us make each member of this class feel that he is a part of this class so that his last year in Tech will be one he will always remember.

In closing, may I be so personal as to say that I consider it a very great honor to be elected president of this senior class. It is with trepidation that I realize that I am no longer master of myself but that I belong to 225 loyal people. I stand somewhat in the position of a terminal point of 225 live wires. Each one of these wires furnishes a current to help push forward this

*(Concluded on page 47)*

## January '25 Class Song

O dear Tech, so true, the time will soon be here  
When we must say adieu and finish our career,  
For you have much to do, and we need never fear  
For nothing seems too big for you, so bye-bye  
Tech, old dear.

### CHORUS

Farewell dear Tech, we'll miss you upon the sea  
of life,  
We'll miss all your guidance in that tidal strife;  
We'll need all your blessings when we put out  
to sea,  
Adieu, dear Tech, we'll miss you, farewell  
to thee!

ELOISE JOHNSON

## Prophecy of the January '25 Class

Washington, D. C.

Started Nov. 17, 1948

Completed Nov. 30, 1948

Our dear Miss Ewing and Miss Stone:

Lo, these many years ago we promised you that twenty years after our graduation we would send you information as to the whereabouts and vocations of many of our classmates. Indeed, it has been impossible for us to find out about every one, but we have done our best.

The occupations lie in many different directions and fields, although there is one surprising feature and that is the close relationship of various members of our class, in their businesses.

Of course you know, as the entire United States knows, that in the recent election our own Donald Higgins has been chosen for the second consecutive time as the leader of this progressive nation. It isn't known publicly that the guiding factors of this election were Bill Behrman and his impregnable national committee consisting of the following: Reed Smoot, Howard Meredith, Norman Brenton, Arthur Vincel, Virginia Adair, and Mary Griffith. (This is no reflection on Bill, however. He didn't choose the committee.)

Here, as in other instances, it is noticeable that our class has stood together. The running mate of President Higgins through both terms has been Walter Callahan, and the Chief Executive's most valuable assistant has been his private secretary, Melba Schumacher. The January '25 class seems to have played an important role in the present history of Uncle Sam's government. Fred Bergann and Spencer Groves are senators from Indiana, while Charles Reichert is the new judge of the Juvenile Court. He, too, has an efficient secretary in the person of Florence Schiek, who has been an invaluable aid to the judge in his success of the promotion of a system of self-government in all reform schools. (Do you suppose being a Tech traffic boss had anything to do with that project?) Margaret Way has been the dutiful stenographer through the judge's term of office. Mary McConnell is the matron at the National Orphans' Home, here in Washington, where on Armistice Day Charles Hoover, U. S. Food Inspector, spoke on "Pure Food and Lots of It." At the same

meeting Myrtle Hayes gave a lecture on the Constitution of the United States.

When Arthur Askren, efficiency expert for Uncle Sam, went up to Michigan City, Indiana, from his home here in Washington, to check up on accounts there, he found Wilburn Gallo-way as warden there. Before Art left, Charles Garrison, a federal officer, came in with a customer for Wilburn.

Pierre Leroux returned to his native country recently as ambassador and among his escorts to the ship was Lieutenant Colonel Russell E. Young from West Point. (This doesn't necessarily mean that we think the ambassador's parting was any the less dignified.)

In the Congressional building we saw Mildred Culley, chief operator of the telephone system for the legislative body and the White House. (Do you suppose the ability to talk was the cause of this position?)

After paying our respects and giving our congratulations to the re-elected president, we hopped into a "flivver" and were skimming among the heights when we glanced at a most radiant beam of light; and upon flying lower, we learned that the Willis Kinnear Advertising Agency had placed this radium sign on the top of its building. Harold McGee, whom we always pictured as a dreamer, but who is now a second Edison, was the inventor of this remarkable sign. We parked the "flivver" on top the building and descended to the business room below. To our surprise Arnold Phillips and Margaret McAllister were associated with Willis in this agency. They were engrossed in the midst of extensive campaign plans. Ten days hence there was to be a great football game, the greatest, probably, that had ever been played. Upon making further inquiries we learned that the two contestants were Yale and the Army. Paul Harrell is now coaching Yale and Chester Finley is the mentor of the Army team. We pledged our support to the game and expressed our hopes of seeing these advertisers again in the near future. As we dropped to the ground floor by means of the automatic carrier perfected by Lynn Breece, we saw printed on a window pane "Margaret Camplin Employment Bureau." Luckily none of our group was on her waiting list. Next door, in the same building, was another sign, painted



by Lester Barnes Company, saying "Christina Valentine—Matrimonial Agency." Finding permanent valentines was suggested to her, she said, by our incessant teasing her about her name, back in '25. We looked at the registry just out of curiosity and we found these names on the waiting list and their occupations:

Louise Love—insisting that her last name is the grandest thing on earth.

Louise Cook—Dietician

Lloyd Peerman—Crystal Gazer

Margaret Ice—The coldest chaperon in the profession.

While wandering about the streets, seeking something to do, we came upon Marian Clendenin's studio. Marian has gained great fame as an artist. In the same building with this studio is the "Parisian Shoppe" of which our Mary Eiler is the modiste. Genevieve Hussey is the milliner in connection with Mary's "shoppe."

Nothing more eventful happened until Thanksgiving Day, the day of the game; somehow we felt that a great many January '25 members would be there, so we stationed ourselves in the great bowl very early. Captain of Detectives Fred Entrekin and his force of men—Hubert Hodges, Fred's assistant; Billy Blumer, who when off duty has consented to speak to the deaf school of Charleston concerning yells at their games; and Max Winchel, who, in spare time, perfected a shaving cream that needs no razor (just put it on at night and in the morning all whiskers are gone)—had complete charge of the stadium. Different organizations had sections reserved for their own particular groups. One organization was fairly blooming with January '25 graduates. It was the Kappa Alumnae of which Mildred Redelman is president. Among the faces were the familiar ones of Edna Silver, Ruth Thoms, Ruth M. Williams, and Charlotte Totten. Annette Pritz and her husband, a Yale graduate, were also spectators.

Roaming around we met Jeanette, Edith, and Eldena who have combined their resources; and now, back in Indianapolis there is a great sporting goods house—Smith, Hamilton, and Stamm. Dwight Lytle is sales manager of this concern, while Charles Chevrolet and Edwin Calkins are salesmen. Speaking of sports, it may be well to add that Ethel Stevens is a gym teacher at Tech, and Marjorie Dowden is

leading a movement to place women's athletics on the same plane with men's.

It was time for the game to start. Excitement was rampant in every nook and corner of the massive structure, which was overflowing with a sea of human beings and Tech alumni. The referee ambled on to the field. What a familiar strut. Why certainly, for it was none other than "Ham" Clarke of Columbia. The old Tech "front-line rooters" proved that practice had made perfect for there sat Edna Baldwin, Florence Little, Elizabeth Burr, Beryl Green, and Wallace Ahl, still "front rowers." The game proved to be one of the most interesting and spectacular frays ever witnessed. The result was a scoreless tie. It was the talk of the nation. Millions of people all over the continent witnessed it by means of the picture radio, another of Harold McGee's distinctive inventions.

There was a theater party that night at the Robert Kemper theater. Along with the many we'd seen in the afternoon were Mary Fiel, Kathryn Antibus, and Shirley Baumb, each with her husband. Mr. Kemper long ago succeeded Keith's and now has a circuit of his own. Again the products of our class shone brightly for they were well represented on the bill. Julian Eltinge has been far outclassed by John Knowles, Alfred Lauter, and John D. Christie who portrayed *Extreme Ladies of the Age* in great style. Singer's Midgets were also a part of the program. Mr. Singer, with the aid of his manager and future owner of the troupe, John Hanger, has succeeded in obtaining for his group of little people, Lulu Allee, Vera Fee, Ruth Murphy, and Virginia Sibel. The comedian for the evening was Edgar Price, although Ben Rinehart gave one of his original selections on his "ripe with age" ukelele, and Jean Lawrence, accompanied by Eloise Johnson, gave us a few very interesting and entertaining numbers. During the performance we found a wedding ring that had inscribed in it J. D. C. to V. C. S. which we returned to the manager, Robert Byrkett. He told us confidentially that Virginia had been worried all through the performance about her ring. It was a very agreeable evening and one of popularity for our class. After the performance we stopped in Robert Thompson's Diary Lunch for a bite to eat. With this we ended our sojourning in the East.

We remained in Washington until the following morning in order to catch the same train

Delbert Chapman was taking, as we always enjoyed good jokes. Because it reminded us of our Emma White's apartment house at Meridian and 205th street, we stayed at the White Hotel and Apartment House for Transients. Sarah Vollmer is at present the official sleep wrecker there and she told us on the side that Alma Aldridge and Frances Nevins were the hardest Indianapolis guests to awaken she had had. Do you suppose they formed the habit of sound sleeping from Tech's classrooms? The next morning on the train by chance we saw Zella Mills, and in chatting with her, the question of school work came up. We stopped to note how many of our number had stayed with school work and the many miles some of them had roamed to teach their favorite study.

Fifteen! Isn't that splendid? Of course we didn't think of counting those who had started teaching and were afflicted with the disease that a certain Dan Cupid spreads.

Finally we pulled into New York. How good it was to be at home again. But we hadn't been in the home city long when George Russell tried to sell us some real estate and Francis Levings took us out to see the property in one of his famous taxis. (He and Buford Lee own one of the most modern taxi lines in New York state.) Conscious of the fact that our task of reporting to you was yet undone, and glad for an excuse to keep our finances from being extracted from us a bit longer, we postponed the deals (a lot each, you know) and came home. We got this letter out again and also our correspondence from Indiana, and found that the medical profession, too, had called some of our friends. Mary Elizabeth Whitaker is a practicing (we wonder on whom) physician in Los Angeles, with June Talbott as her assistant. The fact that Gladys Shearer and Helen Hittle are special nurses at the Walter Reid Hospital, and that Helen Shugert is supervisor of nurses at the Methodist Hospital shows that we have given some attention to that noble profession, doesn't it? John Warrick, John Ealy, and Ralph Griggs have the reputation of being among the best dentists in Indiana. That, too, adds glitter to our professional group. Burl Rottman has many patients on "their hands" as he has found a new, sure way to reduce.

Elizabeth Ervin is the happy proprietor of the Ervin Hotel at Lake Tippecanoe. Resting at this resort are Lillian Forkner, the authoress,

who just completed an interesting novel entitled *Russell Goodwine*, and Margaret Wilson, another real writer of the day. She recently published a book—*Good English How to Use It*. Lucille Craig has a lovely candy shop all her own next door to Hotel Ervin, and she writes us that she often sees Helen Quatman, the owner of the beauty parlor in Logansport that specializes in dyeing red hair black, and her manager of the dyeing department, Velma Ballinger, at the lake over week-ends. She also tells that she gets in extra supplies of sweets over the week-ends. We wonder—.

We stopped our "research" work long enough Sunday to go to church and we found Virginia Bussell singing in Trinity Choir. After church we all three met and took Virginia home. On the way she told us that she had recently had a letter from Billy Jackson and that he'd succeeded his father in the art of cartooning. "Billy could always make us laugh. Remember how he'd turn around in his seat and we'd all laugh?" she queried.

We left Virginia and bought an *Indianapolis News* from one of Robert Pock's national chain of drug stores. Reading through it, we gathered much of worth to us. On the front page we learned that Vernon Newman's electrical company sent Fred Willis and Theodore Largent to South America as special representatives to the Electrical Engineers conference. Next we saw where John Medders had taken over his dad's business and in partnership with Radford Morris, John Street, and Elbert Overton had developed the largest Tri-State Storage and Warehouse Company east of the Mississippi.

The theatre section next confronted us. It told us that Robert Powell was playing the part of the "nut" in *Ben Bolt*, this season at the Murat. At the head of the column was written—"Critics, Ralph Roche and Preston Wolf." Then we knew that the *News* had two live wire, go-get-'em reporters, anyway. Since Christmas is now approaching we felt the need of the advertising section; no, not the second hand section, but a few of the rest for suggestions. First, we read that Charles Noe makes all high school and fraternity jewelry; then that Mildred Truex, buyer of ladies' suits and cloaks for E. O. Langen and Company, had just returned from Paris with a supply of gowns for all the "miladies" of Indianapolis. Next, the Irwin Geizendanner,, Charles Moore,



and Ed Juday Company offered to print all our Christmas cards for us if we'd just call William Marschke, their representative, and give the word. Eleanor Donovan, buyer of yard goods at Ayres, also promised *News* readers bargains. On the next sheet those of us who were not born with the natural instincts of a fish were told that our opportunity was at hand, for Mary Wilkinson is now teaching swimming at the Hoosier Athletic Club. Down in the corner a neat little ad finally gave us what we sought—a list of Christmas suggestions. The Gift Shop issued these and the space after that queer word *prop* was filled in with Olga Secrest's name.

And now, dear sponsors of January '25, we have finished our bit of work for your information and are returning to Indianapolis and Tech close behind this letter. We are anxious to see the many new buildings and to visit a session of the coming January class, for we've learned that the class need not be divided any longer, that there is an auditorium large enough for the entire class, even though the enrollment is nine hundred strong. It is indeed wonderful and noble to stay at Tech and work for her as you have all through these years. The happiest days of our lives were spent there, and it is our wish that the spending were not over. We are impatiently awaiting our arrival there, so be on the lookout for us.

Respectfully and *Technical-ly* Yours,

LOIS MACCAMMON  
LESTER LIVINGSTON

### The Class Poem

A clipper is safe in port today  
Tho' it sails again on the morrow,  
Manned by a jovial crew, yet they  
Have known both grief and sorrow.

They've battled the surging seas so blue,  
Fought tempest and 'whelming wave.  
One day in port a boisterous crew,  
On the morrow, sad-eyed, grave.

For then on separate ships they sail  
'Neath a crimson flag with a purple field—  
Uncharted seas against storm and gale  
To strive, to seek, to find, nor to yield.

MARY FIEL

### To Moonlight on Paradise Lake

The shadowy moon a silver boat it seems,  
Sails through the heav'ns a beacon of the night;  
And by her lovely pale and softening light,  
She makes this weary world a world of dreams.  
Through former ages down to present time  
And even on forever and a day,  
The moon has shown in every land and clime,  
And on this night she slowly wends her way.

### I Want To Be a Senior

I want to be a Senior and with the  
Seniors stand  
A fountain pen behind my ear  
and a notebook in my hand,  
I wouldn't be a president, I wouldn't  
be a king,  
I wouldn't be an emperor for all that  
wealth can bring,  
I wouldn't be an angel, for angels  
have to sing,  
I'd rather be a Senior, and never do a  
thing.

### It's Foolish, But—

We don't know why we do it. Some of us won't admit it, others fearfully evade the question; but, nevertheless, each one of us has his own pet superstition, his own private ghost, his own personal heart-palpitating fears. Woe be unto the one who raises a musical voice before breakfast! Doubly cursed is he who neglects to sit on a chair and count three after returning for a forgotten article! The fatality of an umbrella raised indoors is known by all; and who dares to mock the fates by utterly disregarding the flitting shadow of a black cat across his path? Sad will be the lot of those who gaze openly at a new moon; still worse, the seven years of bad luck for mirror-breakers, not to mention the hopeless doom of seeing a falling star!

Fail not to kiss your thumb after stubbing your toe; always question trains by the "yes, no, maybe so" method; don't pass up small blocks on sidewalks without wishing and stepping on each square, not touching a line; never let a white horse meet your eye without licking your finger, pressing it on your palm, and hitting the spot twice; never neglect knocking on wood after a boast, and you shall forever rest in peace, unhindered by the veiled and mysterious spirits of fate.





THE BOOMERANG—ONE OF THE STAGE SETTINGS

## "The Boomerang"

### CAST

Dr. Gerald Sumner.....John Hanger  
 Marion Sumner.....Jean Lawrence  
 Emile.....Frederick Howenstine  
 Virginia Xelva.....Martha Dirnberger  
 Mrs. Woodbridge.....Melba Schumacher  
 Budd Woodbridge.....Billy Jackson  
 Gertrude Ludlow.....Wanda Farson  
 Grace Tyler.....Mary Eiler  
 Preston DeWitt.....Philip Colgrove  
 Hartley.....Everett Hanks  
 Mr. Stone.....Orem Dorsett

### GUESTS AT THE PARTY

Marian Clendenin                      Alfred Lauter  
 Ruth Williams                        George Poole  
 Eloise Johnson                        Paul Rollin

### Donald Higgins

### THE COMMITTEES

Business Manager—Irvin Geizendanner, assisted by Arthur Foerster and Edward Juday.

Advertising—Edward Zollner, Edna Warweg, Louise Love, Billy Blumer, Florence Little.

Properties—Lynn Breece, Wilbur Teeters.

Promptess—Virginia Sibel.



# LITERATURE



## Patricia Manages

By JOHN CLEARY—*Prize Story*

WALTER COWAN was a fraternity brother of mine. This, in part, accounts for the fact that I was "in" on the story. Walt would have died at that time rather than have one outside our circle know of the facts, for, you see, the joke was on him. But now, years later, he is willing that the facts be published.

Walter was excessively fond of his single orphaned sister, Patricia. His fondness, in fact, amounted almost to a passion.

"Bill," he confided to me one morning, "I don't feel that it would be right for me to marry until I have Patricia married off to the right kind of man. It might be different if we were poor, but Pat has money that must not become the prey of fortune hunters and spendthrifts."

I was probably Walter's closest friend, but as a matrimonial possibility I was not to be considered. In the first place I was far from wealthy and could not give Patricia the luxuries to which she had been accustomed. In the second place, a fact of far greater importance, we were not in love.

One day, some weeks later, Walter called Patricia from the office. "I'm bringing up an old college chum for dinner tonight."

"Who is he?" inquired his sister.

"Thomas Holt. Well-to-do. Good looking. Wonderful fellow."

"Where are we going after dinner?"

Can you beat it? But Patricia was a modern girl through and through.

At the theater that evening it was evident to Walter that, although Holt had everything in his

favor, he was not making the desired impression. Immaculately dressed, well bred, and handsome, he was marked by his peculiar expression, noted by the fact that he was unable to look another person directly in the eye.

Between acts two and three conversation lagged. Suddenly Patricia's gaze fell on a young man two rows in front and a little to the left. Seated between two elderly people, a man and a woman, with two children to the left of the lady, he presented a perfect picture of joviality and good nature. His bronzed face and healthy appearance spoke of outdoor life.

Nodding in his direction, Patricia asked her brother. "Who is that gentleman? He looks as though he had just come from the great open spaces."

"Right you are. That's Philip Dorsey. Passing acquaintance with him." Walter would have dropped the subject then and there, but she persisted.

"But whence the coat of tan? What does he do?"

"Managed his uncle's mining company in Nevada for a year," he answered a little impatiently. "Rumor has it that he made a failure of it. Just came back."

"I should like to meet him," she mused, as the curtain rose upon the third act.

Forty minutes later, as the final curtain was lowered and the patrons started to file out, Walter leaned over to his sister and whispered, "I think your conversation during the last intermission was entirely out of place in the presence of our guest."



"I don't care. He doesn't interest me, anyway."

Walter's discomfiture became apparent, for not only was Patricia a modern girl, but she was accustomed to having her own way.

The next morning Walter opened a note written on pink perfumed stationery in a woman's hand.

My Dear Sir:

It may interest you to know that I sat but two rows behind you, your sister, and my husband at the Ambassador theater last evening. Following the performance, I trailed the last named to his apartment. He has eluded me for the last time. Divorce proceedings will begin at once.

Mrs. Thomas Holt.

"Good heavens!" gasped Walter as he passed the note over to his sister with a lifeless hand.

One minute, and a quizzical but significant smile flickered over Patricia's face.

During the successive weeks Patricia's frequent and unexplained absences passed unnoticed by her brother, who was figuratively "up to his neck" in business affairs. One letter which came to his desk interested him above all others. It was from the manager and foreman of his ranch in Colorado, and it declared that the latter had, during a recent small and unimportant landslide, discovered a coal deposit, the extent of which was unknown to him.

On the following day he was attracted by a letter from the "McKay Mining and Mineral Research Company, Denver, Colorado, with offices in the principal Western cities."

Sir:

It has come to us through reliable sources that a deposit of coal has been uncovered on your ranch in ——— county, Colorado.

Our business, as you know, is to survey land supposed to contain mineral wealth, to ascertain the extent of such deposit, and to remove it on commission basis.

May we investigate the matter and report to you?

During the ensuing week Walter was occupied with letters to the Company's references, satisfactory replies, letters to his manager, letters to the company, and more replies, with the result that the contract for the removal of a coal bed of untold but estimated wealth was awarded to

the McKay Mining and Mineral Research Company.

What of Patricia in the meantime? Had she entirely forgotten Philip Dorsey? Apparently not, for one evening she surprised her brother by giving voice to an unexpected question.

"Have you seen your bronzed mining friend lately?"

"No. Why?"

"I hear that he is going west again."

"Who told you?"

"A little bird." The answer was accompanied by a sly smile.

Walter was not taken aback. After twenty years of life with his sister he seldom worried over anything she did or said.

"Don't worry your little head about him. He's not a good manager." Walter, it seems, admired the man who could build up a large fortune without a single loss, but had a feeling akin to contempt for the man who failed. "Forget him. He's not the man for you," he concluded. "By the way, I have a little surprise for you, Pat."

"What is it?"

Then he unfolded to her the new discovery and his plans concerning it. She listened with interest until the end.

"But where do I come in?"

"I want you to go out there and see that everything is done on the level. The enterprise to be a success requires that an owner of the land be on hand. I can't go because the stock market, directors' meetings, and other duties will keep me here for the present. Will you go?"

"Certainly! I had made up my mind to that effect five months ago," was the quick retort. "I shall leave tomorrow."

A month passed. The enthusiasm and good spirits reflected in Patricia's letters increased with the profits from the mine. "Pat reports that the mine is under excellent management, and I'm inclined to believe her, judging from the size of these bank deposits," Walter related to me one day as I was visiting him in his office. "Excellent management," he repeated as though soliloquizing. "That's what counts. It is the key to financial independence, authority, the fellowship and respect of men of achievement. By the way, I'm glad that Pat's gone for the time being. I fear that she was becoming too interested in that Dorsey fellow."

At that moment his office boy entered and laid a telegram on his desk. He opened it expectantly,



and after a moment's perusal, grinned and said:

"It's from Pat. She'll be back day after tomorrow. I've been expecting her now that everything's going smoothly."

"Do you still insist on finding a husband of your own choice for her?" I asked by way of a friendly dig.

"Hm-m! Strange about that," he answered in all seriousness, not yet aware that Patricia was perfectly capable of choosing her own mate and that his efforts in performing his so-called parental duty in that respect were entirely wasted. "After that Holt affair, I stopped. You know, that wasn't the first time. I doubt whether I can pick the one she'll marry, but I can name several whom she will not marry. Queerly enough, I have always worried more or less about Pat."

"Yes, and about her future husband," I supplemented under my breath as he rose to go to his files.

Punctual to the minute Patricia Cowan stepped off the train at the Grand Central Station where Walter and I awaited her. The former was overjoyed, and, I confess, I greeted her with more than my usual amount of enthusiasm for her customary fresh and delightful appearance had been greatly enhanced by her visit to the West.

But hold! Who is that tall, tanned gentleman approaching us with two bags? Little did I know then what I know now, or I should have laughed outright.

"Brother mine, and you, Mr. Finley," said Patricia smiling sweetly yet none the less shyly as she regarded the newcomer with a gaze of pride, "my fiance, Mr. Philip Dorsey."

"What!" exclaimed Walter, glaring at Dorsey.

"Tut, tut, old man," said the other smoothly. "I knew you misjudged me, so I set out to prove that you were wrong. As general manager of McKay Mining and Mineral Research Company, I directed the removal of the coal on your ranch. Was there any mismanagement about that?"

"N-no," replied Walter in a daze.

"I sold your coal at a large profit to you and banked the proceeds, for all of which you have a record. Any mismanagement there?"

"You've got me. But how about this tale that you cost your uncle some few thousand dollars by your investments and poor management?"

"Bunk," answered Philip, using his slang delightfully. "Pure bunk!—a tale circulated

by members of a rival company which has representatives in this city. But I approached you incognito and succeeded. Merely a question of management."

Ignoring the prod, Walter suddenly became hearty. "By George," he swore fiercely, albeit smilingly. "I hardly know what to say. Here I am, beaten at my own game by a man whom I thought I disliked. Permit me to beg your pardon and to congratulate you anyway." A thought suddenly struck him. "Patricia! How did you meet Phil?"

Patricia's eyes twinkled as she grasped Philip's arm. "O. I managed!"

## A Woodland Fantasy

The sun dropped low, covering the heavens with a rich, rosy flush and tinting the fleecy clouds with various shades of red. The sky, of a deep iridescent blue, lightly shaded with rosy tints, was in marked contrast to the glorious, flashing splendor of the clouds nearest the sun.

Then night fell.

It fell like a curtain on some magnificent setting and, with the night, came the moon, queen of the darker hours. Touching its fairy wand of light to the dewdrops on the trees, it converted the scene into a palace of myriad diamonds which sparkingly harmonized with the twinkling stars above. Every tree, every flower, every weed was transformed into an object of that unparalleled beauty which makes man feel his vast inferiority to Mother Nature.

She, alone, is the master artist.

BILLY JACKSON

## Sonnet on Books

Oh yes, I often roam through foreign lands.  
In cherry blossom time I've seen Japan,  
I've hunted tigers in wild Hindustan  
And seen the South Sea Island's savage bands;  
I've sailed o'er all the seven seas and had  
The stern adventures that will come to such;  
I walked on China's wall when but a lad,  
Some later years I spent among the Dutch;  
Perhaps you doubt I've travelled far and near  
For I am young to have adventured so,  
And I suppose to you it does seem queer  
Because far from my home I never go.  
But I've my books, and in an easy chair  
I sit and read and do my travelling there.

BEATRICE STAFFORD

## The Peters

By JANE WILSON—*Prize Essay*

Ours is the house of "never say die." Into it come instinctively all animals in need of food, shelter, nursing, and mothering. At present there are only a black and white Fox terrier, two gray kittens rescued from a "watery grave," a black bantam hen with a large brood of four chicks, a lonely pigeon with a broken wing, and a white rabbit. This last mentioned is third in the line of Peters.

The Peters have all come to us on Easter, easily winning admittance to already friendly hearts with their quick hops and inquisitive noses. On Easter, as on every holiday at our house, all pets, small enough to enter and wise enough to appreciate the honor, are brought into the house and treated as equal. On these rare occasions the Peters have never given us cause to regret but have acted as perfect gentlemen always. Indeed the Peters have always been literary gentlemen and have often made us ashamed of our own choice of reading matter. Turning up pink noses at funny papers and current fiction, they have calmly proceeded to digest Shakespeare, Milton, Scott, and numerous chapters of the Bible. But dear little Peter II was really the most frivolous of the whole line, always preferring Tech CANNONS to other printed matter—to be sure, had he not been to Tech himself? Having spent many delightful hours on that campus before being discovered in his stolen freedom and returned to his cage, he had never forgotten his travels and greatly relished all morsels of Tech news obtainable on holidays.

The appetites of the three Peters, like the gentlemen themselves, were varied. In his winter home in the basement Peter I would scamper frantically for potatoes, cookies, and cabbage. Peter II had sugar rolls for breakfast, nasturtiums and carrots for lunch, and baked beans with toast for dinner. Hungry little Peter!

Oh, you who think rabbits inexpressive and dumb as squealing pigs, if you could only see the trusting little Peters waiting with wistful eyes for the bang of the kitchen door whence come their dinners! If you could only feel the wee pink tongues of the grateful Peters on your hands and watch their frightened long ears lie flat at your touch, I wonder if you wouldn't change your mind—I wonder.

## The Mystery Man

By BESSIE MULLEN

On the steamer which was en route to Honolulu, the first dinner was in progress, and the passengers were expressing opinions of one another. The most pleasing impression was made among the ladies by a Mr. Vernon Blake. He was quite tall, slim, and straight shouldered, and he seemed to be interested in nothing and nobody. Nevertheless, all the ladies at the table took great pleasure in his appearance. His dark, burning eyes were heavily lashed; his slightly curved eyebrows were several shades darker than his crisp hair which was brushed straight as a Greek god's; and his mouth, which was tender, yet firm and stern, fascinated one. The straight line of his mouth and his strong chin gave strength to what otherwise might have been an effeminate face. After looking at him and noticing every little point, especially the freshness of his collar and the harmonious colors of his necktie, each woman looked again until by sheer force of will her gaze was withdrawn. Across the table from Mr. Blake sat Miss Janet Leigh who had lately left the safe environment of a boarding school. To her any one of masculine gender was thrilling, especially if he were good looking; and Mr. Blake was all of that. On his right sat Mrs. Percy King, a would-be young and fascinating widow who had great faith in her few rapidly disappearing charms. She, also, was struck by Mr. Blake's manly appearance; and she already was planning to meet him at the first possible moment. On his left sat Miss Perry, one of the teachers from the school Miss Leigh had attended. Dazzled by his looks, Miss Perry simpered even while passing the salt; and she hurriedly made up her mind that she would lend him a book she was reading on the subject of "Evolution." As for the rest of the table, it was composed of middle-aged business men who looked with contempt at this "ladies' man."

The next day, much to her surprise and joy, Miss Janet Leigh found her deck chair placed beside Mr. Blake's. Sitting down hurriedly, she dropped her magazines; and while he was picking them up, she remarked on the lovely weather. Unable to return to his book, he made himself comfortable, and resigned himself to the fate of listening to her.



"You know," she said, "it seems to me I've known some one who resembles you—or have I seen you? Your face seems so familiar. Surely—" She pondered a few moments, thinking deeply, until finally a light dawned on her. "Oh, I know," she said, with a little gasp. "I've seen you in the movies. Are you . . . ?"

"You've guessed it," he interrupted, "but I can't tell you that I really am he. You see, I wouldn't have any peace if my name got out; and I'm relying on your great kindness not to tell a soul that you have recognized me." He smiled to himself when she promised never to mention it.

"Oh, I've always wanted to be a movie actress," she cried. "You know—"

Just at this exciting moment Miss Perry, the chaperon, came along. Miss Leigh saw there would be no more interesting conversation that afternoon so she decided that it would be best to leave. Pleading a headache she went below, leaving Mr. Blake in the clutches of Miss Perry, who had hazy ideas of writing poetry. As she fondled a volume of Browning in her hand she said tenderly, "Wouldn't you like me to read something to you? You look so tired, and it soothes one so to be read to."

And Mr. Blake smiled consent, as she proceeded to read aloud, in a voice filled with sentiment, Browning's "Love Among the Ruins," glancing up hurriedly now and then to see how it was affecting him. Finally, after a moment's pause she asked, "Don't you just love Browning?"

He raised his head slowly. "I can't tell you how much," he said. "Why, do you know, I get some of the most wonderful ideas from hearing you read!"

Miss Perry gave him a soulful glance. "It seems to me I've seen you somewhere before, or else I've seen your picture. Was it in—Oh," she exclaimed with a shrill shriek of delight, "I know who you are! You are—"

"I stand revealed," he said with a little mocking bow. "But I suppose I could expect nothing else from such a wonderfully penetrating mind as yours."

"Oh, that is all right," she replied. "You know, I don't think I'll ever get over loving secrets. Mother says she doesn't think I'll ever grow up. Please tell me all about yourself. I'm so excited."

"Oh, there isn't anything to tell," he answered. "You see, I'm just tired. Everywhere I go, people

seem to recognize me. I wanted to rest, remain unknown, and so—"

At this delightful moment, Mrs. Percy King rounded the corner. Smilingly she approached and waved her hand at Miss Perry. "Good afternoon," she said. "I've been looking for you for hours."

"The cat," thought Miss Perry, although she said, "I'm so glad you found me. I wanted you to meet Mr. Blake."

"If I leave him now," Miss Perry thought, "he will appreciate me all the more the next time he sees me." Accordingly, she soon left with the excuse that she had to dress for dinner. Mrs. King threw herself back in the chair rapturously, and closing her eyes smiled blissfully.

Finally she said, "I'm so tired. I've been sketching you all afternoon from a distance, only I didn't know who you were until I came closer. Perhaps you would like to see your portrait?" She handed the sketch to him with a little wavering sigh.

"Good heavens," he thought. "Do I look like this?" Aloud he said, "You seem to have a great deal of talent for sketching."

"Oh, now I know I was right," returned Mrs. King. "When I first saw you, I knew you were an artist; and your face seemed familiar to me. But it has taken me all afternoon to pierce your identity."

For a second his eyes darkened. Then he smiled hopefully, nay, even encouragingly.

"I'm sure," she exclaimed. "I'm sure I know you! You are the famous artist—"

Again he interrupted. "Well, I seem to have given myself away," he said with a rueful smile, "but I know I can depend on you not to tell on me. Artists must stick together."

"Of course," she answered in sugary tones. "I'll never breathe a word!"

That night in the privacy of his cabin Mr. Blake threw up his hands in despair. "Merciful heavens," he cried, "I'm certainly glad this day is over. Another twenty-four hours and I certainly would be done for."

In the three different staterooms this thought was being expressed: "Oh, what an impression I made on him! Wouldn't she be crazy if she only knew who he is?"

Now, sad to say, even heroes are sometimes most unmercifully treated by Fate: and unfortunately such was the case with Mr. Blake, for the next morning he was unable to rise. "I never

want to hear about anything to eat again in all my life," he moaned to the steward.

Though Mrs. King felt that when he rejoined them he would have a dozen or more interesting sketches of her to show, and Miss Perry felt that he was probably composing sonnets to her, Mr. Blake seemed indisposed to do any of these things. In fact, he didn't even bother to think. But he grew so restless toward the last of the journey that one wondered whether he was confined to his stateroom for other reasons than sea sickness. Possibly he needed time to plan out the farewells which he knew he must say sooner or later. Maybe he was planning to make Miss Janet Leigh his leading lady, first in the pictures and later for life.

Finally, on the last day of his voyage, just before the boat docked, Mr. Blake came forth from his cabin, a little pale from his long confinement. By dint of much labor he managed to see each of his friends separately, or maybe they were not averse to having a little private tete-a-tete with him. He saw Miss Perry first. That poor lady waited in vain for her sonnets, but from his conversation that soothing thought struck her that in the fall, when his new book came out, she would be immortalized. Of course, this delightful conversation had to end sooner or later; and Miss Perry was finally compelled to go see if her young charge, Miss Leigh, was ready to go ashore.

Next he saw Mrs. King. She also was disappointed that he had not asked to paint her portrait, but she was consoled by the thought of visiting him in his studio in the fall. Finally, she also left, but not without promises that he would remember their happy friendship.

Mr. Blake was a little worried. He wanted to say good-bye to Miss Leigh more than to all the rest of them put together, yet he had not been able to get even one glimpse of her. Finally, as he walked the deck restlessly, he suddenly turned a corner and came upon her.

"Evidently she isn't even thinking of me," he said to himself. In truth, Miss Leigh was enjoying a last view of the ocean. Hurriedly he drew near, and she turned to greet him with a little glad cry of surprise.

"Oh, I'm so sorry you've been ill," she said. "It must have been so uninteresting to stay in your stateroom for so long."

"Indeed it was," he replied. "I didn't see a soul except the steward. But then, even that

didn't bother me much, for I dreamed the most delightful dreams. The only unfortunate part about them is I'm afraid they won't come true." Miss Leigh blushed furiously.

"Oh, tell me about them," she cooed. "You know, at school I was famous for interpreting dreams!"

He smiled a little sadly. "It's so impossible to tell you here," he said, "but some day, when we can be free from all the noise and hurry, I will tell you; but I warn you it will take me a long time."

This was all that was said for the time had come to go ashore, and farewells were uttered for the last time.

Several days later, Miss Janet Leigh joined her two companions on the verandah of the hotel where they were staying. She was carrying a number of movie magazines.

"What are you doing?" she asked of Miss Perry. Now, though you wouldn't believe it, Miss Perry was looking through a "Who's Who."

"Oh, I'm just looking through this to see if a friend of mine is mentioned," she answered. "Have you bought some more of those dreadful movie magazines? I do wish you wouldn't get so many; they are nothing but a lot of trash. Now, Mrs. King is learning something useful—all about the lives of the famous modern artists."

Mrs. King bit her lip. "Oh, Janet's all right," she said. "Girls must have something to amuse themselves, and Janet hasn't had an interesting thing for almost three days."

Janet had already resumed her magazines. Suddenly, unexpectedly, she sprang to her feet and rushed excitedly over to Miss Perry and Mrs. King. "Oh, I've found him," she cried. "You could never guess who he is—never!"

There was a little breathless silence, then Miss Perry forgot herself. "Well, who is he?" she asked.

Janet smiled bewilderingly. "Why, he is—" Again she stopped. "Here. Look! The Arrow Collar Man!"

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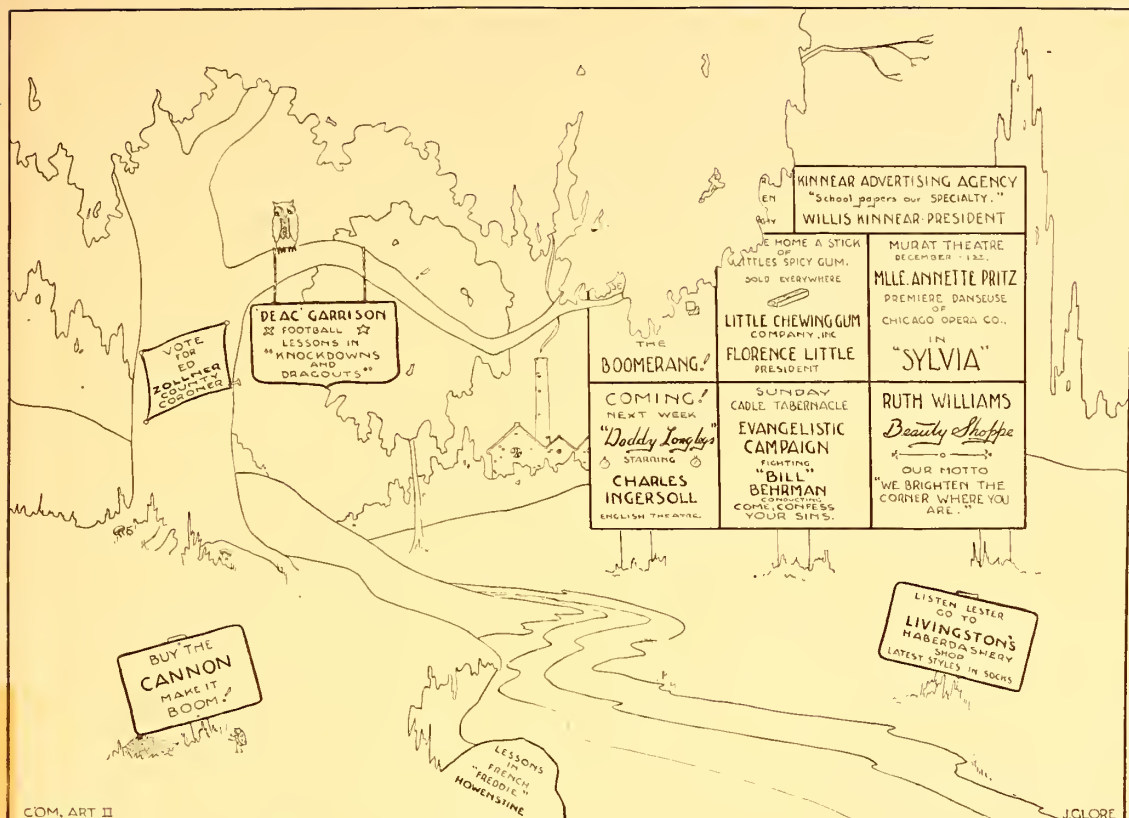
If we would do a little less croaking against the atrocities of our time and sing more helpfulness, we would make the great clock of time tick a trifle faster.

---

Habit makes a capable machine, but even habit cannot create a machine.







## Pirates' Paradise

KARL BOTTCHE

See that sweep o' blue above  
 Yon waving green-clad trees?  
 'Tis there all dying Pirates go,  
 For it's the Sea of Seas.  
 'Tis there they find whate'er they seek  
 And can not have on earth—  
 All vain desires are granted them  
 In the land of their rebirth.  
 Rich treasure-ships and precious gems  
 Are found there by the score:  
 The heavenly stars are but rare jewels,  
 And nothing less or more.  
 The silver moon that glows at night  
 Is but a pirate's dream—  
 It represents his wild desire  
 For wealth and stones that gleam.  
 The land of Never-Never where  
 Their dreams materialize  
 Is somewhere in the Sea of Seas—  
 That's Pirates' Paradise.

## To Mother

SUSAN HIATT

A mother's kiss can soothe the deadly pain  
 Or anger that is caused by playmate's tease;  
 When pleasures of the day do not remain  
 Then mother's love will help the tears to cease.  
 'Tis only her caress can put aright  
 The grief that comes when friend's eyes fill  
 with scorn,  
 Or when in dreams elves come in and give  
 thee fright,  
 She stays then till the wakening of the morn.  
 The precious things need not be sought in vain,  
 All this world's riches that may far be found,  
 At home, in mother they are all contained,  
 E'en to finest gems dug from the ground.  
 But that which fairest is, but few behold—  
 Her mind adorned with virtues manifold.

It isn't the things we receive thanks for, it's  
 the things we do and get no praise for that build  
 our ladder to heaven.



# THE CANNON STAFF

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Magazine Business Manager ..... Eldena Stamm

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Copy Editor ..... Marian Seeds  
Literature ..... Elizabeth Moschenross  
Vocational Editor ..... Harry Stout  
Exchanges ..... Martha McLaughlin

Reporters.....  
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    { Hilda Kreft  
    { Robert Liebhardt  
    { Cecil Ross  
    { Roberta Trent  
    { Beulah Stone

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Copy Editor ..... Jean Campbell  
Literature ..... James VanBuskirk  
Vocational Editor ..... James Daggett  
Exchanges ..... Dorothy Warrick

Reporters.....  
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    { Alice Miller  
    { John Little  
    { George Miller  
    { Arthur Vincel  
    { Rosalind Taylor

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Printing ..... Woodard Auble



IRIS JEAN BEADLE



ELDENA STAMM

## Tie a Knot and Hang On

*"When you come to the end of your rope, tie a knot and hang on!"*

The man who first wrote those words could have given no better directions to the road which men and women everywhere are seeking had he placed a sign post on a corner and labelled it, "To Success!"

In all the pages of history there is not one person who has come to the end of that road without first learning this simple truth; not one man whose memory is honored by posterity who has not at some time or other in his career tied that knot and hung on to it with all his strength!

The best example of such a man is George Washington. Given a greatly insufficient number of raw, untrained, undisciplined men and expected to snatch American independence from the hands of one of the largest and best trained armies in Europe, he did it! How? When men deserted in great numbers and continental money became valueless so that the army could not be paid; when Congress refused to appropriate money to clothe and feed the poorly dressed and underfed soldiers; and when the jealousy of enemies both in Congress and the army almost caused his downfall, did he throw







up his hands and quit? He did not! Though even he himself had very little faith in what the American people deemed a dying cause, when he came to the end of his rope, he tied the largest knot he could tie, and hung on. That is why his name is now and will be, as long as this nation shall exist, synonymous with the phrase, "The father of his country!"

Seniors, those of you who are destined to achieve fame and success will not always travel a road of eiderdown and rose petals; rather it will be paved with hard knocks and rough cobblestones agonizing to tired feet. Times will be when you can find no way to turn; when the whole world will seem against you; when, in short, you have come to the end of your rope! But when you do, don't be quitters, don't give up, don't give the excuse that there is no rope left with which to make that knot! Make a knot as big as possible, and, though it be with only one finger, hang on!

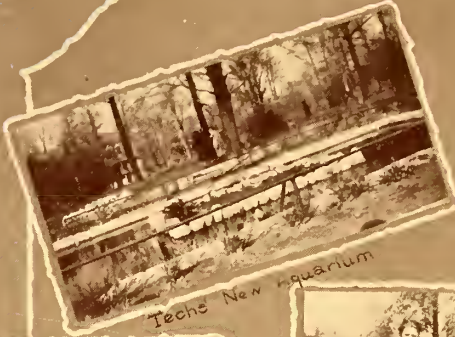
The CANNON staff wishes to thank the fifth hour Advertising class for their campaign on behalf of the paper, and the Commercial Art classes for the many attractive cuts and etchings which have so materially aided the appearance of the CANNON.

Nothing so delights the eye as spring—spring with her new growth and promise. Green, one of our school colors, is the symbol of growth. Let us live in our school life as Nature endows the coming season. Let us live in hope of a bright future and rise to higher standards of achievement.

We wonder who's the mightiest, the flightiest, the pest;  
We wonder who's the funniest, the loudest, the jest;  
We wonder it until it seems our minds are ne'er at rest.



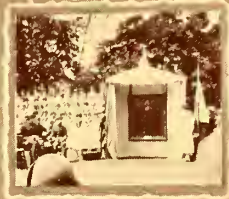
# Kodak Kapers



Tech's New Aquarium



After Lunch



The Unveiling



100% Cannon Agents



Before the Game



Outdoor Auditorium



Last Supreme Day



After Hours



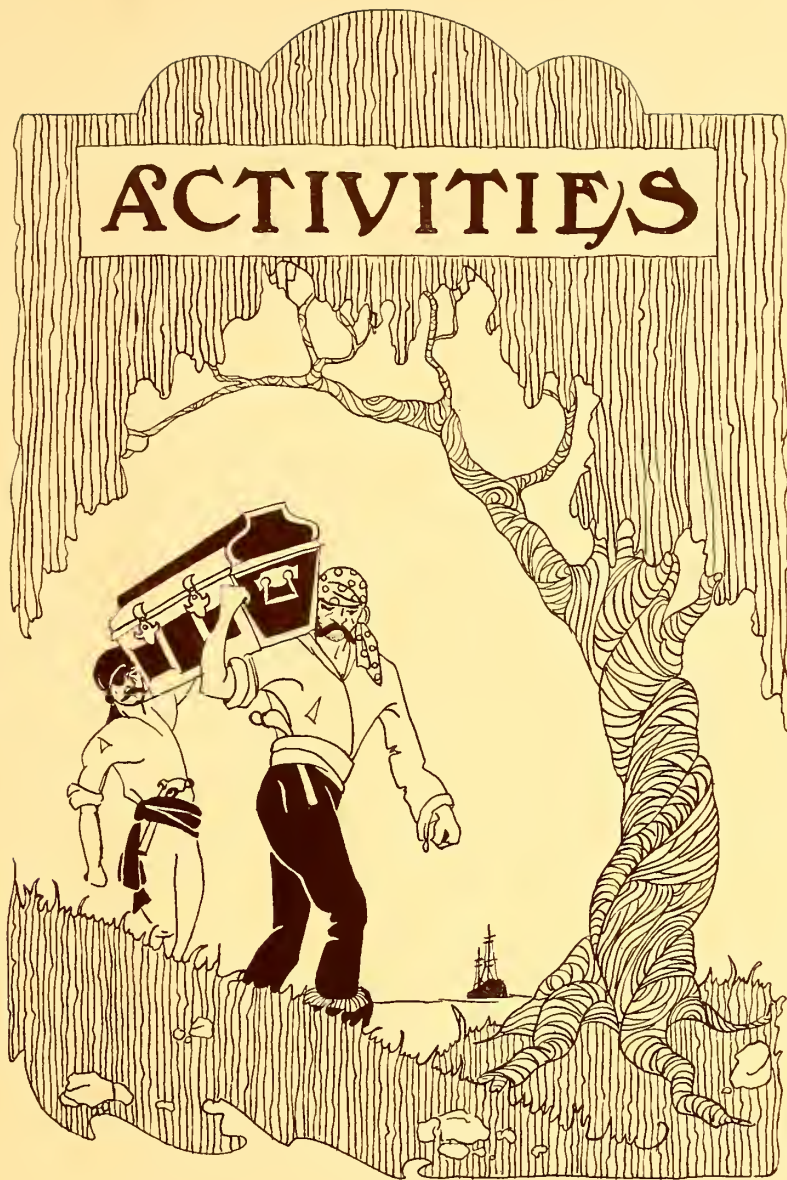
Mr Stuart and  
Mr B. F. Comfort



The Home of Latinites



# ACTIVITIES



MARIAN CLENDENIN

# THE ARSENAL CANNON



CONCERT BAND



SENIOR BAND



PHYSICAL TRAINING CLUB







JUNIOR ORCHESTRA



ADVANCED ORCHESTRA



MATH CLUB

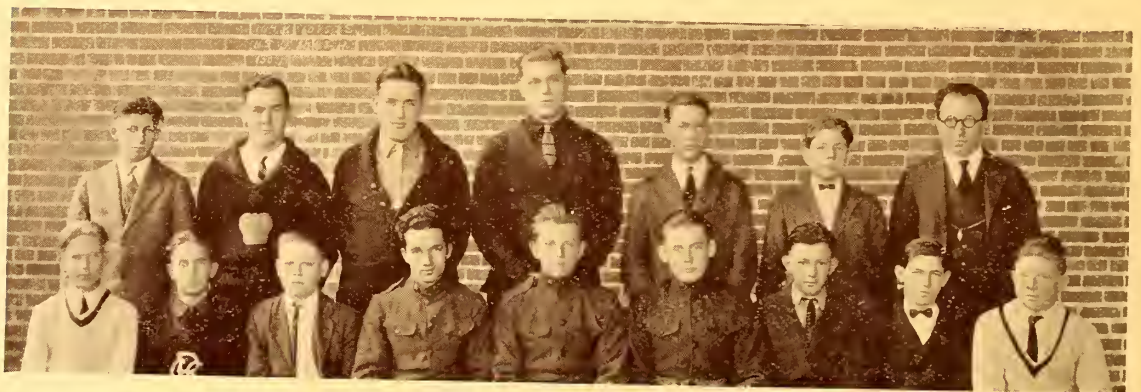




SPANISH CLUB



LATIN CLUB



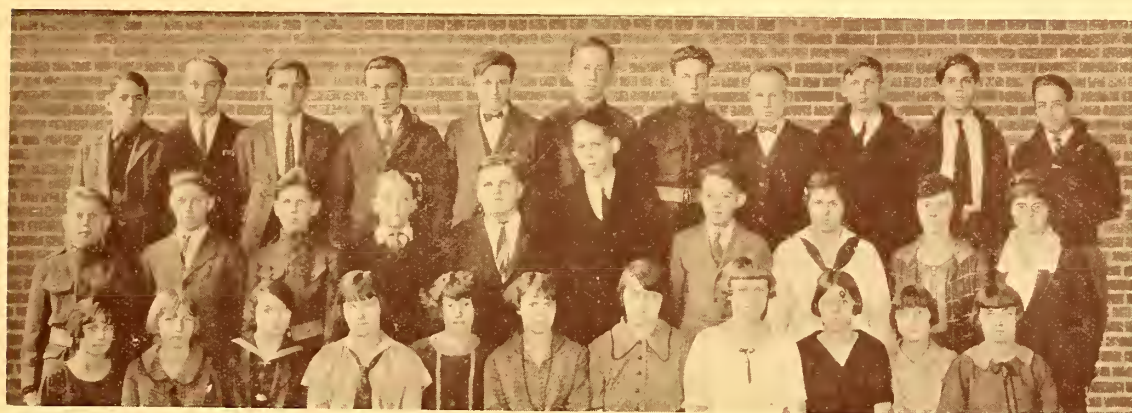
AGRICULTURE CLUB







DEBATING CLUB



LUNCH ROOM CLUB



CHEMISTRY CLUB





# THE ARSENAL CANNON



JUNIOR BAND



NATURE STUDY CLUB



ENGLISH CLUB







GLEE CLUB



HOME ECONOMICS CLUB



CHORAL SOCIETY



## January to January Honors

The list of honors won by Technical High School students from January '24 to January '25 can be divided into four groups, not including athletics: music, literature, R. O. T. C., and scholarship.

### R.O.T.C. Honors

Honor School—1922-1923-1924.

The Best Instructed Captain in City High Schools—Pearl Robey.

The Best Drilled Company in City High Schools.

The above honors were won by competition among the high schools of the Fifth Corps Area and the city high schools of Indianapolis.

At Tech the three students having the highest military rating are: Richard Springer, Keith Smith, and Joe Wells.

Keith Smith won the Red Course Medal at the C. M. T. C., Camp Knox; and Joe Wells, the Basic Course Medal. Joe Wells also qualified in Rifle Marksmanship.

### Scholarship Honors

Thoburn Maxwell—Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, Penn.

Joe Norris—Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois.

Genevieve McNellis—Washington University, St. Louis, Missouri.

Frieda Michaels—North Manchester College, North Manchester, Indiana.

Ruth Dinwiddie—North Manchester College, North Manchester, Indiana.

Richard Schellschmidt, Edward Gibbons, Kathryn McCann, Ethel Hensley—Indiana University Extension.

Niven Stahl—Rector Scholarship—DePauw.

Helen Brown—Teachers' College—Indianapolis.

Helen Tomlinson, Ivan Cole—Faculty medals.

Margaret Macy—Riley medal.

### Literary Honors

Ruth Dinwiddie—First National prize—Atlantic Monthly Essay Contest—\$50 (second consecutive year that Tech has won this distinction).

John Cleary—First state prize, Chemistry Essay Contest—\$20.

Harold Adkinson—Second prize, Ayres Contest—"Indianapolis in 1972"—\$10.

Albert Marshall—American Boys' Masked Story Contest—\$5.

Margaret Macy—Publication in *Art Crafts Review*.

Margaret Macy, Dorothy Dugdale, Jean Campbell, Elizabeth Moschenross, Alice Carter, Margaret Gibbs—Articles in *Scholastic Editor*.

Daniel Neill—Essay in *Scholastic*.

Josephine Kennedy—Articles in *Indianapolis Star*.

Niven Stahl—Poem in *Indianapolis Star*.

Karl Bottke—Jingle in *Chicago Tribune*

Frederick Stettler—Three articles in *Waterways Journal*.

Harold Adkinson—First prize, *News Traffic* Essay Contest—\$10.

Lyndon Barrows—Second prize, *News Traffic* Essay Contest—\$5.

Winners of \$2 prize in *News Traffic* Contest: Lucille Ball, Robert Ryker, Margaret Schwab, Helen Newlin, Dorothy Weber.

Winners of one dollar prizes in *News Traffic* Contest are: Mary Louise Mahan, L. Peerman, Richard Barnes, Violet Merriman, John Sutton, Louis Carey.

Helen Brown—Honorable mention, Women's Overseas State Contest in Citizens' Training Camp.

Fox Thompson—Selected as the representative Indianapolis boy in the city Boys' club movement; sent to Pittsburg as a delegate.

Donald Hawkins—Selected to represent the Boy Scouts of Indianapolis at their Boy Scout Jamboree in Denmark.

THE ARSENAL CANNON—First prize in magazine section of the Indiana High School Press Association contest.

January magazine cover—Third prize in two or more color cover design contest of C. I. P. A.

### Music Honors

Maxwell Fence—First prize in state contest for 14 and 15 year old musicians.

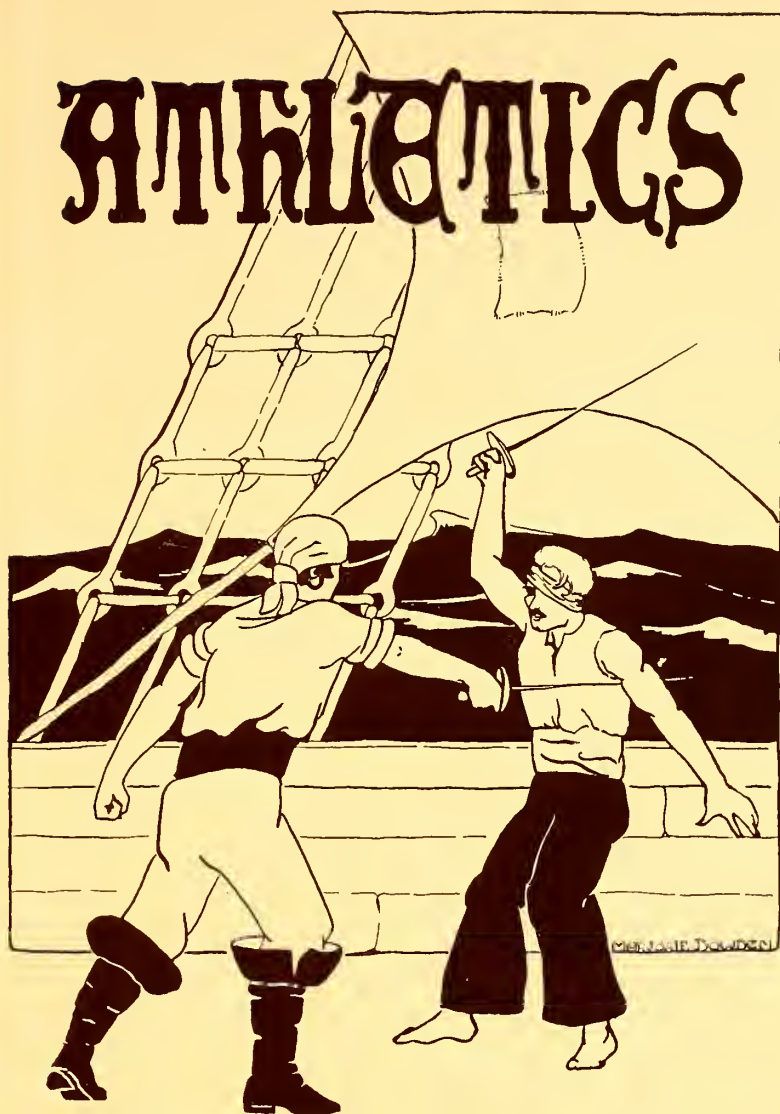
Tech Orchestra—Second prize in State Music Week Contest.

(Concluded on page 47)





# ATHLETICS





THE FOOTBALL SQUAD

The First Team

Paul Balay, Paul Harrell, Kenneth Myers, Charles Jackson, Willard Bray, August Hook, Russell Clift, Duane Hicks, Boyd Hickman, Richard Fox, Clarence Leet, Arthur Stevenson, Harry Jesse, Walter Johnson, Donald Hawkins, Clifford Wilson, Frederick Kirgis, Harry Brykett, Estel Hauser, Hamilton Clark, Frank Reis, Edward McCalip, Carrol Ringwalt, Charles Pahud.

Football Summary of 1924

The Tech football squad completed the season with four victories and four defeats. Coach Mueller developed the team with only a few veterans left from the '23 championship team as a nucleus. As most of the material was inexperienced, the Green and White squad did not show its actual strength until near the close of the season when the players worked together and team play became evident. Tech scored 29 points to 0 in the city series to defeat both Shortridge and Manual. The Green and White downed Shortridge by a 26 to 0 score, but met stiff opposition from the Red and White team, being forced to the limit to win by a 3-0 margin.

City Series Championship

Tech is now city series champion for the third time in five years of competition, winning in 1920, 1923, and 1924. Manual won in 1921 because of their defeat of Shortridge.

Tech 7, Elwood 0

Tech defeated the scrappy Elwood team 7 to 0 in the opening game of the season, scoring in the fourth quarter after the Upstaters had held the Green and White on even terms for three periods. The Tech reserve strength began to wear down the Red and Blue, and Byrckett, who had played a flashy game, snagged a pass from Babcock to score the only touchdown of the game. Babcock made good the try for point. The game ended with Tech in possession of the ball on the Elwood 10-yard line.

Jones, diminutive Elwood halfback, was the backbone of his team's offensive and defensive play. He was a thorn in the side of the Tech backfield in stopping end runs and was especially good at returning punts.

Tech	.....	0	0	0	7—7
Elwood	.....	0	0	0	0—0





## Tech 0, Steele 32

Steele High of Dayton with a heavy veteran team easily defeated the Green and White team by a 32-0 count. The strong aerial attack of Steele, coupled with driving line plunges, accounted for five touchdowns. Nineteen first downs for Steele to six for Tech showed the decided superiority of the Daytonites. During the second and greater part of the third periods, Tech's defense was a match for the strong Buckeye offense; and once, in the second quarter, Tech advanced the ball to Steele's 2-yard line, only to lose it on a fumble. The game was hard fought throughout, and despite the lop-sided score was not a walk-away.

Technical .....	0	0	0	0—0
Steele .....	14	0	6	12—32

## Tech 7, Sheridan 6

The Sheridan game was a thriller from start to finish. The Upstaters sent a light, speedy aggregation to Tech to play off a four game tie. Tech gained the winning point when the officials ruled Sheridan off-side on the try for point after Harrell's touchdown in the second quarter. Orr, star Sheridan left end, snagged a pass from Fouch and went over the line to score his team's six points. The Northerners stuck to their guns and pushed the ball down to the Tech 3-yard line where the game ended.

Tech .....	0	7	0	0—7
Sheridan .....	0	0	0	6—6

## Tech 0, Noblesville 13

Noblesville downed Tech 13-0 on the Tech field for the second loss of the season. Consistent football throughout the game with occasional flashes of open field running scored the victory for the Upstaters.

Tech's best offensive threat was made late in the last quarter when the ball was advanced to the Noblesville 5-yard line, but the Green and White did not have the punch to score.

Noblesville .....	0	7	6	0—13
Technical .....	0	0	0	0—0

## Tech 0, Louisville 49

The heavy Louisville Male High eleven celebrated "Dads" day by handing Tech the small end of a 49 to 0 score. Soon after the opening kick-off, Louisville worked the ball down to the Tech 34-yard line where Ford drop-kicked a field goal. Ford and Newman were responsible for

most of Louisville's gains. Drewry scored three touchdowns. Harrell played best for Tech, stopping many Male players for no gain.

Tech .....	0	0	0	0—0
Male .....	9	7	19	14—49

## Tech 26, Shortridge 0

Tech opened the city series competition by decisively putting Shortridge out of the running with a 26-0 score. From the opening whistle Tech swept Shortridge off its feet, and throughout the fracas the Blue and White played a defensive game. Shortridge threatened the Green and White goal line once in the second period, advancing the ball to Tech's 1-yard line. The Tech forward wall held for four successive downs, and the Blue and White's golden opportunity to cross the Tech goal line was lost. Shortridge backs were unable to pierce the Tech line for gains, while Balay and Harrell made long gains through the Blue and White line to score four touchdowns. The game was replete with fumbles, neither team being able to hold on to the ball consistently.

Tech .....	6	7	6	7—26
Shortridge .....	0	0	0	0—0

## Tech 17, Fort Wayne 19

South Side of Fort Wayne showed unexpected strength when it came from behind in the last quarter and scored thirteen points to win by the narrow margin of 19 to 17. Tech had everything in her own favor during the first three periods when it piled a 17 to 6 lead, making its points on touchdowns by Balay and Jackson and a field goal by Balay.

Captain Aldrich, South Side halfback, was the individual star of the game, scoring two touchdowns.

Tech .....	0	10	7	0	17
South Side .....	6	0	0	13	19

## Tech 3, Manual 0

Tech defeated Manual 3 to 0, thereby clinching the city championship for the third time in five years of inter-school competition. A 25-yard dropkick by Balay late in the last period scored the winning three points.

A slippery field prevented all attempts at running the ends and considerably slowed line plays. Both teams were forced to resort to a punting duel.

The edge Tech possessed in punting accounted

for substantial gains and brought the team out of several tight places. The Green and White chalked up ten first downs to Manual's four.

Manual attempted two dropkicks which failed. A kick from placement by Harrell and a dropkick by Balay went wide. Balay scored on his second attempt.

After Tech scored, Higgs of Manual threw a flock of passes in a frantic attempt to stave off defeat. Two were completed, but the game ended with the Red and White on Tech's 34-yard line.

Technical .....	0	0	0	3—3
Manual .....	0	0	0	0—0

After digging down to the bottom of a pile of statistics, the Toonerville Press has arrived at several conclusions relative to the 1924 football season: that Tech won the city series; that it won four games and lost four, although the team made only 59 points to 119 of the opponents; and that Paul Balay and Paul Harrell led the scoring with 33 points and 13 points, respectively. Here's the way it looks:

	Touch-downs	Field goals	Points from Try	Total points
Balay .....	4	2	3	33
Harrell .....	2	0	1	13
Jackson .....	1	0	0	6
Byrkett .....	1	0	0	6
Babcock .....	0	0	1	1
Total	8	2	5	59
Opponents Totals	18	1	8	119

## Football Awards

### Block T

Johnson, Jessee, Hicks, Hickman, Bray, Clift, Harrell, Wilson, Balay.

### T H S Monograms

Caine, D. Clark, H. Clark, Fesler, Fox, Hawkins, Higgins, Hook, Jackson, Krueger, Leet, Myers, Ries, Ringwalt, B. Smith, F. Smith, Stevenson, F. White, Worth.

### A T S Buttons

Amick, Barnes, Bauermiester, Blumc, Boles, Bolles, Byrkett, H. Clark, Engelking, Demmary, Fletcher, Gaines, Gardner, Hammer, Hardin,

Hauser, Herring, Hayes, Hessel, Hessman, Hoback, Kirgis, Martin, McCalip, McKnight, Mikesell, Muir, Murdock, Newman, Pahud, Reed, Rinne, Spenny, Taylor, W. White.

## Basket Ball

Tech's basket-ball hopes this year are pinned on the surviving sixteen candidates picked from a turn-out of over fifty. Practice started about the middle of the football season and continued under the tutelage of Coaches Champ, Herbst, and Copple until taken over by Coach Mueller at the end of his gridiron activities.

The list of candidates was greatly enlarged and strengthened by the football men who entered at the close of the football season. At the time the magazine went to press, the players were practicing daily to get in condition for the first game December thirteenth with Newcastle.

Competition will be especially keen for all positions this season because of the number of good men out. The sixteen men on the squad are: Hickman, Clift, Chandler, Hawkins, Glunt, Grimsley, Wehrel, Swartz, Myers, Massey, Sturgeon, Worth, Jessee, Bray, Ringwalt, and Haganman.

## Tech 1924-25 Basket Ball Schedule

December 13—Newcastle (Y. M. C. A.)  
 December 19—At Richmond  
 December 20—Crawfordsville (Y. M. C. A.)  
 December 26—At Elwood  
 December 27—Southport (Y. M. C. A.)  
 January 3—Shortridge (Tomlinson Hall)  
 January 6—Broad Ripple (Y. M. C. A.)  
 January 9-10—Invitational Tourney at Martinsville  
 January 16—Manual (Tomlinson Hall)  
 January 21—West Newton (Tech Gym)  
 January 23—At Brownsburg  
 January 24—Franklin (Y. M. C. A.)  
 January 30—At Connersville  
 January 31—Bedford (Y. M. C. A.)  
 February 6—At Valley Mills  
 February 7—Bloomington (Y. M. C. A.)  
 February 14—Jefferson (Y. M. C. A.)  
 February 21—Vincennes (Y. M. C. A.)  
 February 27—At Shelbyville







ATHLETIC TROPHIES

## Cups Won in Athletics

Spring Handicap, won by underclassmen 1916  
Boys' Tennis Cup  
Baseball State 1917  
Baseball Cup, City, 1922  
Mile Relay 1923 State  
Half Mile 1924 State  
State Track 1922  
Grand Sweepstakes 1924  
State Water Carnival 1924  
State Baseball Cup 1924  
Girls' Tennis 1924  
City Basketball 1920  
Baseball, City, 1919  
City Football 1920, 1921—tie. 1922 Manual.  
1923 Tech. 1924 Tech  
Shields—Golf, City, 1920  
State Relay 1920  
State Relay 1922

## R. O. T. C.

The following officers in the Technical Unit of the Reserve Officers Training Corps were appointed during this semester: Russell Young, lieutenant colonel; Horace Hypes, captain and adjutant; Byron J. Smith, first lieutenant and supply officer; John Knowles, William Hayes, Edward Taggart, Oral Stanton, Richard Springer, and Lawrence McAfee, captains; Joe Wells, George Antrim, William Peacher, Francis Spearling, and Herbert Bremer, first lieutenants; Herschel Johnson, Charles Chevrolet, Robert Bolles, Ferris Ruggles, Russell Arnett, and Alger Wyson, second lieutenants.

The band appointments were: Roy Crowder, captain; Paul Schmidt, first lieutenant; Dean St. Clair, second lieutenant.

## Winter Track Practice

In order to get all track men in the best of condition to open the season next spring, practice will be held throughout the winter. Chances for a successful season will be greatly enhanced by the preliminary workouts the men are receiving.

Coach Black has general charge of the practice, with Coaches Lampert and Chenoweth assisting. Mr. Lampert is sending the high-jumpers through their workouts on Tuesdays, and the pole vaulters on Wednesdays. Mr. Chenoweth is coaching the shot putters. Coach Black is putting special stress on the distance events: the quarter mile, half mile, mile, and cross country.

Until cold weather began, candidates received vigorous workouts in all events, but only shot putters, high jumpers, pole vaulters, and distance runners will continue throughout the winter.

## January to January Honors

(Concluded from page 42)

Tech Band—Second prize in State Music Week Contest.

Tech Choral Society—Second prize in State Music Week Contest.

Girls' Glee Club—Tied for second place in State Music Week Contest.

## Inaugural Address Of Donald Higgins

(Concluded from page 19)

class. But if a wire dies, it not only furnishes no current itself but it furnishes a resistance to the circuit which cuts down the total strength. I am only the switch point which is useless unless you yourselves furnish the current. Let there be no dead wires, let each send on his share of the current and do his part. I ask of you—be a live wire. This is my appeal.

I thank you.

## Senior Class Selections

COLORS: American Beauty and Purple

Flower: Sensation Rose

MOTTO: "To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

Photographer: Northland Studio

# Snaps o' the Team



Tech-3 Manual-0



Tech-26 Shortridge-0



Tech-17 Southside-19



Tech-7 Sheridan-6



Tech-0 Noblesville-13



Tech-0 Steele-32



Tech-7 Elwood-0



## Thoughtless

Hendricks, a dramatic critic, took his wife to see a new play. Afterward he asked her how she liked it.

"Simply fine," she replied, "only there was one impossibility in it."

"What was it, dear?"

"Well, between the first and second acts there was a lapse of two years, and yet they had the same servants."

—Everybody's

Mrs. Grawler: I expect your baby will be much larger when I see her again.

Mrs. Sharp: I hope so. —Macon Telegraph

## Poor Example

A food faddist harangued a mob about the marvelous benefits to be obtained from a vegetarian diet.

"Friends," he cried, "two years ago I was a walking skeleton—a haggard, miserable wreck. What do you suppose brought this great change in me?" He paused to see the effect of his words. Then one of his listeners asked, "What change?"

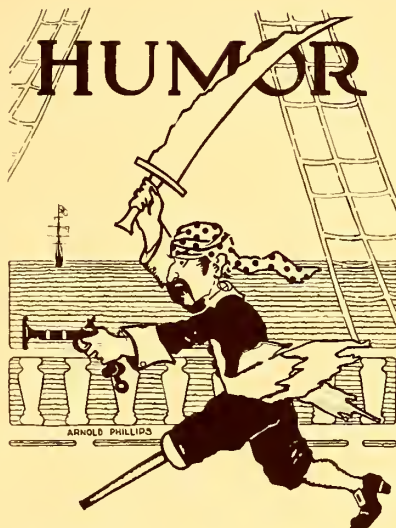
—The Mystic Worker

Editor: Did you write these jokes yourself?  
Would-be Contributor: Yes, sir.

Editor: You must be older than you look.

## Catching Practice

A grocer's boy hailed a vessel at the dock. The surly mate gruffly asked him what he wanted. "I've got some vegetables for the ship," was the reply. "All right, you needn't come aboard; throw them up one at a time," said the mate, as he stood ready to receive the expected vegetables. "Ahoy, there, look out!" shouted the lad as he threw a small dried pea toward the mate: "I've got a sack of these."



## "Just a Minute, Please"

A young man who had reached the stage at which his voice was changing went into a grocery store.

In a deep bass voice he demanded, "A sack of flour." Then, his voice suddenly changing to a high pitch, he added, "and a pound of coffee."

"Just a minute, please," said the clerk, "I can't wait on both of you people at once."

—Exchange

## Teaching School by the Movies

### How to Tell the Wild Captions

*Algebra*—Comes now "X," a sinister, mysterious, unknown Quantity.

*Biology*—Æons ago when the World was young, appeared a tiny Protozoan, an organism which had but one cell and one alone.

*Grammar*—One terrible night while the elements clashed and the parts of speech thundered, the wicked old Adverb took an axe and split the helpless Infinitive.

*Chemistry*—Oh, mighty Ocean, composed of little drops of H<sub>2</sub>O in saline solution.

*Psychology*—Once upon a time, boys and girls, in a land across the seas lived a dear old man named Freud.

—Exchange

## A Political Turkey

Ex-president Taft once told three negroes that he would give a big turkey to the one who could give the best reason for being a Republican.

The first said, "I'se a 'Publican kase de 'Publicans set us niggers free."

"Very good, Bilt," said the ex-president. "Now Pete, what do you say?"

"Well, I'se a 'Publican kase day done gib us a pertificate tariff."

"Fine!" he exclaimed. "And now you, Sam."

"Boss," said Sam, shifting from one foot to the other, "boss, I'se a 'Publican kase I wants that turkey."

And he got it.

—Holland's Magazine

## THE ARSENAL CANNON

### Getting Even

Counsel for the prosecution had been rather sarcastic about the age of the youthful doctor who was one of the important witnesses for the defense, but now he reached a point where his cross-examination had to be serious.

"You are familiar," inquired the lawyer, "with the symptoms of concussion of the brain?"

"I am," replied the young physician grimly.

"Then, if Mr. Smith"—waving his hand toward the defendant—"and I banged our heads together, should we get concussion of the brain?"

"Well," said the doctor deliberately, "Mr. Smith might."

### Appreciation

"I admire your latest volume of verse very much indeed!"

"Oh, yes?" replied the Imagist.

"Yes, particularly the first one in the book. Let me recite it to you to prove how I have enthused over it sufficiently to learn it by heart:

"When I give you toy balloons

There is no other

Fire out of amethyst—"

"Wait!" cried the Imagist. But the Enthusiast would not wait:

"Green beetles on Fifth avenue;

Skies that bend:

A soft mist hides the sea—"

"Stop!" yelled the Imagist. "That's not a poem. You have been reciting the table of contents!"

—Life

### True Caution

"What is William crying about?" asked Mrs. Smith of the new nurse.

"Well, ma'am, he wanted to go over to Tommy Brown's."

"Why didn't you let him go?"

"They were having charades, he said, ma'am, and I wasn't sure as he'd had 'em yet."

—Harper's Monthly

### Now He Ain't

First Recruit: What do you think of the major, Bill?

Second Recruit: He's a changeable kind of bloke. Last night I says to 'im 'Oo goes there?' An' 'e says, 'Friend.' An' today 'e 'ardly knows me.

—West's Recall

### An Unexpected Reply

A public school teacher named Bird, on entering his classroom one morning, found assembled students so very quiet and grave he at once became suspicious. Looking at he saw written on the blackboard the quota from Shelley's famous poem:

Hail to thee, blithe spirit—

Bird thou never wert.

"Who wrote that?" he demanded sharply.

After a moment's silence a tall, thin, stous-looking boy in eye-glasses stammeringly replied: "I t-think it was S-Shelley, s-sir."

Can you imagine:

Dave Clark without his ever-ready grin?

Murray Sharp in a great hurry?

Peggy Stilz minus her daily potato chips?

Jack Klinger by himself?

Lou Snyder not always rushing some place?

Anne Seidensticker without her funny giggle?

"Buddie" Schellschmidt with a limited vocabulary?

Bill Screes reciting in American History class?

Carl Rinne without his ever-ready line of talk?

Von Goodwin and Art Stevenson with much to say?

No?

Neither can we!

### Stirring Times

"Any news out your way?" the editor asked of a farmer whom he met on the street.

"Our whole neighborhood has been stirred up," said the farmer.

"Tell me about it," said the editor eagerly; he took paper and pencil. "What stirred it?"

"Hundreds of plows," replied the farmer with a grin.

Architect: Have you any suggestion for decorating the study, Mr. Quickrich?

Mr. Quickrich: Only that it must be built by Great thinkers, I believe, are generally found in a brown study.

—Boston Globe



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